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The *Weather-Menders* :

A T A L E.

A proper ANSWER to
Are These Things So?

By Mr. SPILTIMBER.

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures.

Perseus, Sat. 4.

*'Tis great Delight to laugh at some Mens Ways,
But a much greater to give Merit Praise.*

Buckingham.

L O N D O N :

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The Weather-Masters :

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As These Things So?

By Mr. GILLIMBER

A person who is not a member of the
Society of Friends, but who is
a great friend to the cause of
the poor, and who is a great
friend to the cause of the
Buckingham

LONDON :

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The *Weather-Menders*:

A T A L E.

SAUNTRING in an Ev'ning's Walk,
 As *George* and *Frank* were hot in Talk;
 Now *Frank* to his own Ease allied,
 Is ne'er attach'd to either Side:
 But stumbling on a lucky Hit,
 Will sometimes rail to show his Wit.
 As Maids, without Intent to bite,
 Laugh wide, to show their Teeth are white.
 But *George* is fervent in his Zeal
 For WALPOLE, and the Publick Weal;
 Suspecting his own Merit may
 Make him Prime Minister one Day:
 And whatsoe'er is said or done,
 Still warmly makes the Cause his own.

Now hearing *Frank* begin to Rail,
 He thus allures him with a Tale.

A Man there was, no matter where,
 (Geography don't make it clear)

Who

Who had a most unhappy Itch
 To be extremely Great and Rich:
 To Av'rice former Times were prone,
 Tho' now the Vice is hardly known.

This Man, Ambitious, Vain, and Loud,
 Talk'd much of *Honour* to the Crowd;
 But puff'd with Vanity and Pride,
 And Fifty other Faults beside,
 Ne'er thought he had enough Respect,
 But took each Chance for a Neglect.
 At length to give his Anger Vent,
 Commenc'd a furious Malecontent;
 Disturb'd at War, displeas'd in Peace,
 Could never let his Anger cease:
 Mutter'd on *Taxes* his Contempt,
 For, ah! himself was not exempt;
 And as with his it suited best,
 Stood for the Landed Interest:
 Rail'd and Revil'd each earthly Thing,
 The *Minister*, nay more ---- the *King*.
 Was angry at ---- he knew not what,
 Just like a modern Patriot.

At length his Humour ran so high,
 He thought *Jove* could not Rule the Sky:
 The Sun could never shine to please,
 The Rain descended but to tease;

Or

Or Hot, or Cold, or Dry, or Wet,

Was ever in a grievous Pet:

If Hot, 'twas wrong; 'twas wrong, if Cold;

If Fine - - - was sure it would not hold.

In short, let things go how they will,

They were not equal to his Skill,

His Fancy could improve them still.

Would against Providence dispute,

Like any modern human Brute:

Accuse *Jove's* Justice, mock his Pow'r,

Arraign his Conduct ev'ry Hour.

"What is there to be seen, he cries,

"But wat'ry Suns, and cloudy Skies?

"His *Rain* ne'er did us any good,

"He scarce can Thunder as he should:

"Had I the Matter in my Hand,

"You'd see." *Jove* instant gave Command

The Weather shou'd be all his own,

And he should Rule the Skies alone;

Bad *Phæbus* shine at his Right-Hand,

And either Scorch or Freeze the Land,

As his consummate Wisdom chose,

For none his Mandate should oppose:

But thrice proclaim'd, Let all Obey

The Lord High Steward of the Day.

Safe under his auspicious Care,

Things must go well, quoth *Frank*; no Fear.

Patience, good Friend, and you shall hear.

B

First,

Firſt, he reſolv'd Mankind ſhou'd know
 Who now directed all below;
Avec éclat fort ſurprenant,
 He bad the Lightning trail along;
 And in the ſwelling Pride of Mirth,
 Hurl'd random Thunderbolts to Earth.
 But ah, Diſaſter dire! Ah, Shame!
 Calamity too ſad to name!
 The Lightning, on the wild Winds born,
 Blaſted his Fruit, and fir'd his Corn:
 The Thunder, erring in its Courſe,
 Spent on the *Mañſion-Houſe* its Force.
 What Ills on Vanity betide!
 A Moment ſunk an Age's Pride.
 To cure theſe Miſchiefs, from on high
 He pour'd the Fountains of the Sky;
 Whoſe ruſhing Torrents inſtant make
 His Land an univerſal Lake.

Foil'd, and chagrin'd, as well he might,
 Once more to ſet all Matters right,
 He call'd for Heat, bad *Phœbus* play
 With all his Force; whoſe piercing Ray
 Abſorb'd Earth's Moiſture quite away;
 Defeated all the Workman's Toil,
 And pulveriz'd the barren Soil.

At length Experience made him wise:
 He found he could not Rule the Skies;
 But begg'd that *Jove* would Mercy show,
 And put all things in *statu quò*.
 To *Phæbus* own'd it justly giv'n,
 To be PRIME MINISTER of Heav'n;
 Beseeching him, at proper Hours,
 To send due Heat, and mod'rate Show'rs,
 And he wou'd ne'er his Will contest,
 But think whatever is, is best.

To them, dear *Frank*, be this apply'd,
 Who fill'd with Passion, Spleen, and Pride,
 Malign, Traduce, and Slander those,
 From whom our Preservation flows:
 Who prone to Censure and Debate,
 Teach WALPOLE how to guide the State:
 WALPOLE, whom all who disapprove,
 Are teaching *Phæbus* how to move,
 Tho' one serves GEORGE, the other *Jove*.
 Yet could they but usurp the Pow'r,
 To be the Tyrants of an Hour,
 They soon would wild Commotions raise,
 And instant set us in a Blaze:
 From Order into Ruin hurl'd,
 To *Chaos* would drive back the World.

What Transports, Friend, possess thee now?
 'Tis errant Rhapsody, I vow.
 Besides, quo' *Frank*, you make me smile;
 I know full well you mean -----
 Hold, hold, *Frank*; no Allusions, pray;
 I mean no more in what I say,
 Than just to cheat us in our way.
 I hate particular Asperision,
 But with a general Conversion:
 My *Satire* aims at all to fly,
 Who *Merit* aim to vilify;
 'Tis you ----- or if I do't ----- 'tis I.
 Just as I found, I leave you free;
 Who will may wear the Cap for me.
 My Tale can those alone offend,
 Whom Self-conviction ought to mend;
 Yet 'gainst Conviction struggle still,
 And will accuse ----- because they will.
 On Trifles all their Fury pour,
 And scratch a Pimple to a Sore.
 These *Tramontanes* on Mischief bent,
 Not worth a solemn Argument:
 These dear dull Souls I must enjoy;
 I must, *Frank*, all my Mirth employ,
 And stride o'er *stated* Forms and Rules,
 To laugh at *voluntary* Fools.

The E N D.